NIXONIA

Nixon Township
High School

1918

STAR'S ALL CLASS
ALL CLASS STARS
CLASS ALL STARS

GREETINGS

ANOTHER School year has rolled by, and with it has come our first Nixonia.

The staff of the 1918 Nixonia lay before you a volume that is the result of faithful work and painstaking care in the hope that the book will in the future years prove a treasury of memories and associations of a happy year spent at N. T. H. S.

As the first graduation class of N. T. H. S. we extend to you and yours our heartiest greetings.

THE NIXONIA STAFF.

Dedicated to

ROY H. JOHNSON

By the

Class of 1918

MR. ROY H. JOHNSON, Principal

BOARD OF EDUCATION

Dr. L. M. Marvel—President.

Clara Smith—Secretary.

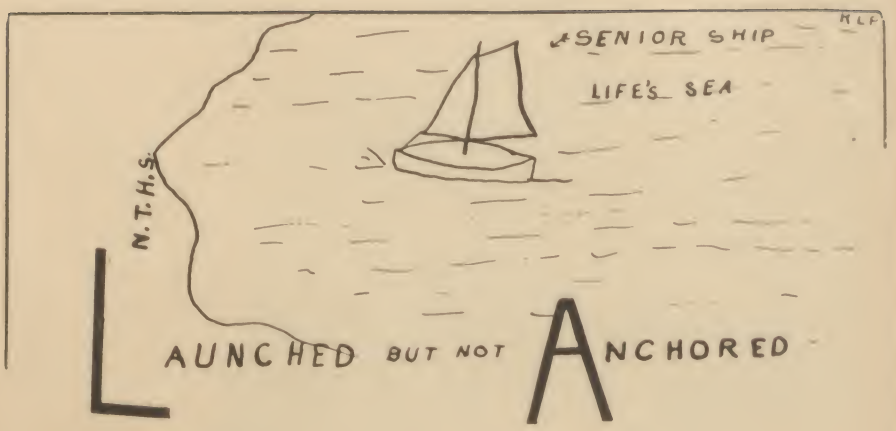
A. J. Cross.

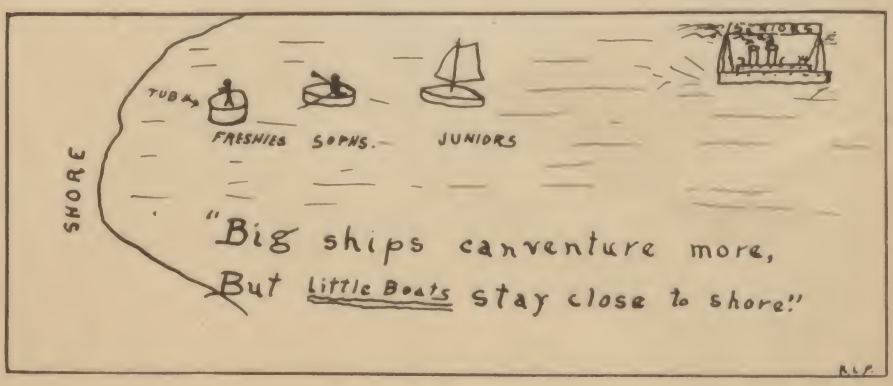
L. W. Railsback.

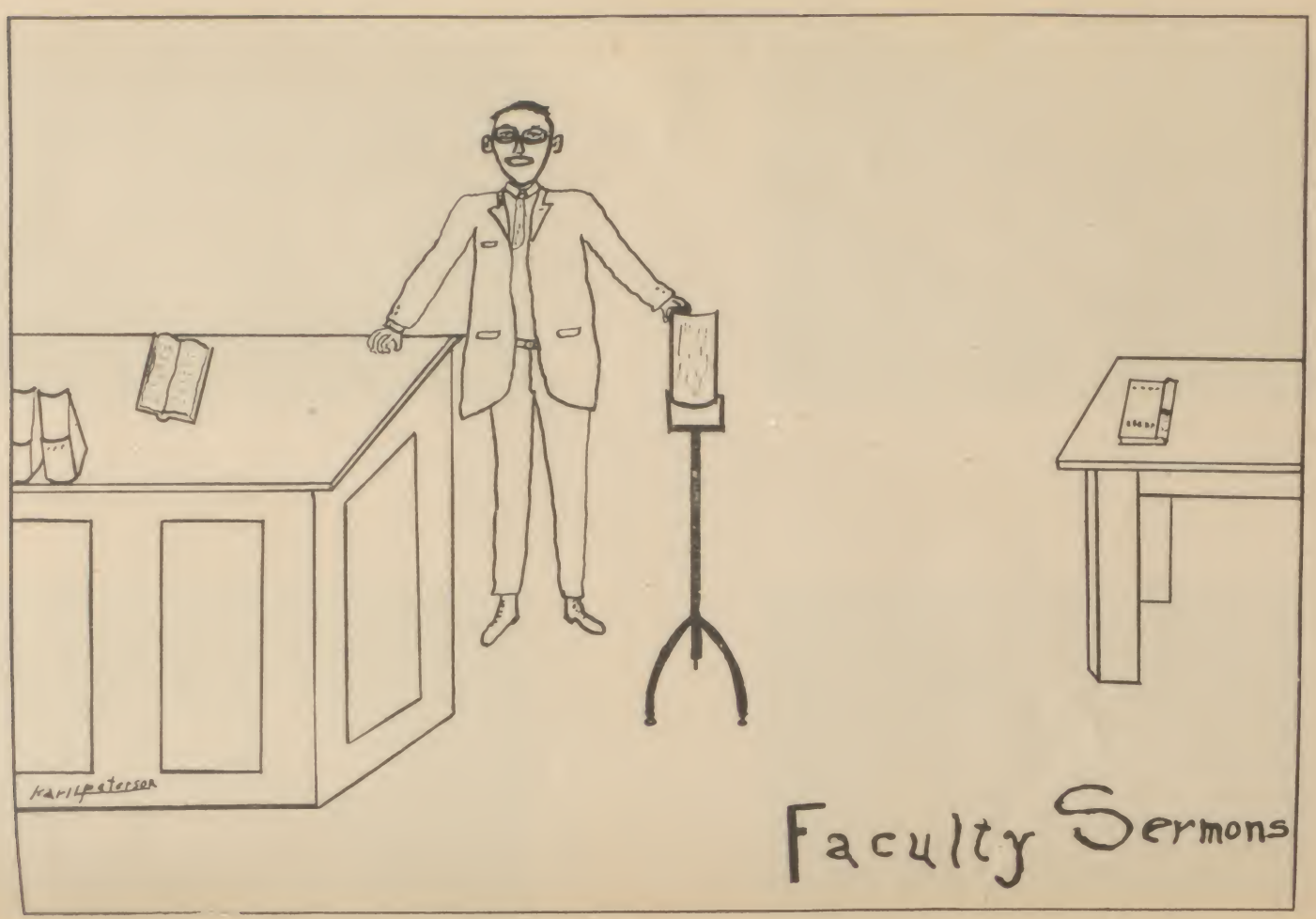
Fred Dressler.

Charles Marsh.

Lyman Reeser.


SENIOR SHIP
LIFE'S SEA
N.T.H.S.
LAUNCHED BUT NOT ANCHORED


SENIORS
TUB
FRESHIES
SOPHS.
JUNIORS
SHORE
"Big ships canventure more,
But Little Boats stay close to shore!"


Karl Peterson
Faculty Sermons

Mr. Roy H. Johnson

Mr. Ernest Lightbody

Miss Eunice E. Walkup

Miss Sylvia R. Gibson

OUR FACULTY

After having gazed for sometime upon the pleasing features of our faculty (allowing for the fact that pictures seldom reveal original beauty) you are no doubt interested in knowing something about the real person. So we will endeavor to appease your curiosity by a diganosis of each case.

Mr. Johnson, our Principal and Superintendent is rather short, but of sufficient height to enable him to withstand the burdens his position places upon him. He has brown eyes and dark hair and wears glasses. Our debt to him can hardly be overestimated. He has really been the maker of our school, since it has been only through his unceasing efforts that our School has been changed from a two year High School to a four year accredited township High School. He delights in parties especially when there are "eats" on hand. His favorite hobby is to rush the Seniors of whom he is Faculty Advisor, and to give them frequent (and much needed??) lectures. He is our Mathematics teacher and has also brought us safely through a course in both Commercial Law and Economics. He well understands the principle of drawing circles and is quite apt in drawing them in his grade book. He has a keen sense of humor which frequently bubbles out at some poor student's expense. In general "alertness" and "practicality" characterize him.

Mr. Lightbody proves to be an interesting Science teacher. We are proud to have had such as he for our pilot through the deep and troublous waters of hydraulic presses, lift pumps, pulleys, and to guide us safely along the deadly paths of electricity. He is slender, tall and alert. His brown eyes look out from behind a pair of glasses forming a color scheme with his dark hair. For two years he has been with us and has always been willing to lend a helping hand to those in need. He is the originator of the adopted slogan of our School, "Speeditis." Whereas some people use their mouth to "talk," he uses his as a transmitter which transmits a message worth hearing from the brain to the listener.

Miss Walkup, our History teacher, has pleasant work teaching her American History students to remember their "dates." She is tall and slender and has gray eyes. Her stern countenance seldom loses its austere aspect in the class room, however, out on the tennis court after school hours, she is all smiles. Her rule is inexorable—you must have your lesson, or woe to you. She enjoys having callers very much, frequently asking some student to remain after class, for a few minutes. Although she delights in parties, we now understand that she thinks there is a time and place for all things—and school is not the place!

Miss Gibson, teaches English and Latin. We have always wondered how one small brain can carry all she knows about Caesar, since we remember so little. She is slender, short and small. Her blue eyes beam forth a welcome to everyone. She is jolly and enjoys a bob-sled ride as well as any Freshie. She is well liked by all the students since she is always willing to help in time of dire need. She is the Sophomore Class Advisor and has proved herself to be a wonderful help to them.

Now, have you the diagnosis? By a critical and minute scrutiny they have been found to be a thorough, efficient and tactful force. Summing up, we find that there are two pairs of brown eyes, one of gray and one of blue. Of course all have their peculiarities, their hobbies and traits. Mr. Johnson unconsciously speaks very loud, frequently pounding the desk with his fist when waxing enthusiastic in his teaching. He often says "Hit the Nail on the Head," and again we hear him ask some student who is hard at work, "How are you coming?" He has a splendid way of walking on tiptoe through the halls, else how would he catch us unawares. Mr. Lightbody has a polite way of asking us to be more courteous to one another in class and to please not sit on the tables in the laboratory. Miss Walkup winks with both eyes when she wishes us not to laugh at some student floundering through a recitation and forever delights in springing something new and unexpected. Miss Gibson laughs with us and always enjoys a good joke. The Freshies are her chief course of trouble since they persist in talking so loud that she cannot be heard above the noise. Her one pecularity seems to be that we can not succeed in getting her ruffled, even when the boys are most provoking, for she remains calm and serene through it all.

Hail, Faculty, Hail! Despite all hobbies, traits and peculiarities, we admire, we honor you!

LOLA A. EMERY, '18.

Patience—What the Faculty lost.

LOLA EMERY

Social Editor
Valedictorian
Class Sec. '17
Glee Club '17, '18
Minstrel '16, '18
Orchestra '17
Annual Play '18

With rosy cheeks and brown eyes, always stu
ing so as to be wise.

C. C. GRAY

Editor in chief
Pres. of Athletic
Association '18
Glee Club '17, '18
Minstrell '18, play '18

A quiet conscientious lad who always attends
his own business.

WM. H. GRAY

Bus. Manager
Minstrel '18
Annual Play '17, '18
Glee Club '17, '18

"Of me you may write
In the blackest of ink
I say what I mean
And I know what I think."

CLARENCE KEEL

Literary Editor
Oratory '16, '17
Minstrel '18
Annual Play '16, '17
Glee Club '17, '18

"Oh! for a faculty stand-in."

KARL PETERSON

Class Poet
Art Editor
Minstrel '15, '18
Orchestra '17
Glee Club '18

Every inch a Swede.

VERN SHINNEMAN

Minstrel '15, '18
Athletic Editor
Glee Club '17, '18.
Basket Ball '18.
Baseball '15, '16.
Class Treasurer '18.
Treasurer of Association '18.
Annual Play '16, '17

"He likes to T's (to Tease) He likes them short and sweet."

FLEET SUMMERS

Ass't Bus. Manager
Vice Pres. '18
Class Orator
Basket Ball '16, '17, '18
Base Ball '14, '15, '16
Glee Club '17, '18
Orchestra '16, '17
Annual Play '16, '17, '18
Minstrel '15, '16
Association '16, '17, '18

"Nature has formed strange fellows in her time."

MILDRED SAYLOR

Senior President
Salutatorian
Joke Editor
Glee Club '17, '18
Vice Pres. Athletic
Association '17
Minstrel '17, '18
Annual Play '16, '17
Orchestra '17

"I chatter chatter as I go, I love to wind my tongue up and I love to hear it go.

Nixon Township High School Class Day Program, 1918

M. E. CHURCH

Tuesday, May 7th

8:30 o'Clock P. M.

Class Song	By the Class
Salutatory	M. Mildred Saylor
Solo	K. Fleet Summers
Class History	W. H. Gray
Class Prophecy	Vern L. Shinneman
Piano Solo	M. Mildred Saylor
Class Poem	Karl L. Peterson
Class Oration	K. Fleet Summers
Song — Class Quartet	K. Fleet Summers Vern L. Shinneman Lola A. Emery M. Mildred Saylor
Class Will	C. C. Gray
Senior Charge	Clarence F. Keel
Junior Response	Rachel Summers
Song — Class Male Quartet	K. Fleet Summers Vern L. Shinneman Clarence F. Keel W. H. Gray
Valedictory	Lola A. Emery

Never Satisfied—"The Freshies."

SALUTATORIAN ADDRESS

Friends, faculty, and parents, in behalf of the Class of 1918, I welcome you to our class night exercises.

During our High School career we have endeavored to take advantage of the opportunities offered us and have endeavored to be a credit to the High School which the people of the community have seen fit to offer us. We are grateful to those people who have given us these opportunities.

At this time we have a great deal to be thankful for, yet sad thoughts also come with this meeting. Only once more will we be permitted to come before the public as a class and as members of the Nixon Township High School. With tomorrow evening our high school career will end and we will then be the alumni of the Nixon Township High school.

Our class has taken part in all the activities of the High School and has tried to do its best and bear its share of the responsibilities. We may or may not have succeeded in this, but we have endeavored to set an example before the other classes that will be proper for them to follow and will be a credit to us in after years.

We are grateful to the faculty who have done so much for us during our sojourn in the High School. They have helped us over many obstacles and have aided us as best they could. Especially are we grateful to Mr. Johnson, who has been with us during the greater part of our High School career and has helped to make our High School what it now is.

We wish to thank our parents who have made it possible for us to attend the school. In some cases it has been a sacrifice, yet it is best for us that we have the education. By having the education we are better fitted to fill our place in life.

We also wish to thank our classmates who have aided us in all our undertakings and have supported the High School as well as the Senior class.

We have finished our High School career, but we are not really educated so that we may properly fill our place in the throng. Our High School has given us proper training but this training is not sufficient. We must seek further training elsewhere.

When we think of seeking training elsewhere it brings sad thoughts to our minds. We know that we must leave those people with whom we have so long been associated and must seek new friends. We shall not forget that those people have done so much for us and in after years will hope to still see a Nixon Township High School greater and better than the one we are now leaving.

Our purpose this evening in giving this entertainment is to come before the community once more as a class. We hope to give a fitting farewell to our classmates and friends, a farewell that will long be remembered in our community and by our School. To such an entertainment I now bid you a hearty and sincere welcome.

M. MILDRED SAYLOR, '18.

FAMOUS STALLS

I didn't get that far.
I guess I studied the wrong lesson.
I didn't understand that part of the lesson.
I brought the wrong paper to class.
I didn't understand the assignment.
I didn't have time to get over quite all of the lesson.
I've lost my paper.
I don't recall.
I don't know.
I tranlated all but that.
Was that our lesson for today.

Juniors are inclined to write "Young Books" on exams.

CLASS ORATION

THE INDICTMENT AGAINST GERMANY

Today it is a common story how this awful war in which we are now engaged was brought about by a hatched up scheme of Austria against Serbia, by claiming a Serbian subject had killed the Crown Prince of Austria. It is also definitely known today that these very acts were carried on under Germany's supervision, and that she sanctioned the whole proceeding. And when Austria refused to accept Serbia's submissive reply to her humiliating ultimatum, it was positive proof of but one thing, namely, that Germany and her ally, Austria, meant to engage Europe in war, for the purpose of military expansion and territorial acquisition. The idea for such acts, as justified by such German historians and philosophers as Treitschke, Nietzsche and even in the present day by Bernhardi, dates back to ancient Imperialism as expounded by Julius Caesar.

Ancient Caesarism and Imperialism are living forces in Germany today. Imperialism is far older than Rome, but it was in the Roman Empire that Imperialism found that expression that has taken captive the imaginations of later men; in that Empire it found, if anywhere, its justification. Rome's wonderful progress from insignificance to world-empire has long appealed to German philosophers as a most conspicious example of the Hegalian Welt-geist's expression of himself through his chosen nation.

Philosophy and history are living influences in Germany. Philosophers have taught their disciples and readers that the Germans are now the chosen people of the Welt-geist; that it is their mission to take the place of Rome as the great conquering and civilizing power. Historians have kept alive the memory of the mighty role played by the ancient Germans as champions or as wreckers of the Roman Empire; they have emphasized that link that binds the ancient Imperialism with the modern—the "Holy Roman Empire."

But while she is very proud to speak of her antiquity, and her association with the Roman Empire, there is one thing she is very careful to say nothing about. The Germans are again invading northern France and Italy, and the trenches on the west front are drawn where Caesar threw up his earthworks in the vicinity of the Aisne. The invaders are murdering non-combatants or carrying them into slavery, the same as Caesar of old; they are wantonly destroying monuments, priceless in their historical associations, irreplaceable in their beauty. We have seen a race pre-eminent for its technical skill, reverting in its ideas of international morality to its ancestors of the wild German forests, to men like those described by Caesar, who measured their national glory by the extent of wasted country that surrounded their territory. Surely the triumph of these ideas would mean the return of ages no less "dark" because the new barbarians have at their disposal all the resources of modern science. They have summoned the spirit and skill of a scientist's hell and set it to work without curb of conscience or humanity.

We see then that Caesarism and Kaiserism are practically synonomous. Kaiserism implies that the State has no conscience—"that the State as swayed by the monarch is supreme and is, therefore, by its very nature, relieved from the moral obligations incumbent upon private individuals. Accordingly, if the State — i.e., the Kaiser and his henchmen — affirm anything to be of interest, other considerations, even the most sacred, are obliterated, and, beyond all else, the inviolability of human personality, whether in an individual or in a free people, is set at naught."

Possibly the best idea of what Kaiserism implies may be had from the Kaiser's own words. "Only one is master in this country.. That is I. Who opposes me, I shall crush to pieces. All of you have only one will, and that is my will, there is only one law, and that is my law."

We all know of Germany's plans, how she would rush across Belgium, strike France before she had time to prepare, as in 1870, coming suddenly so as to crush her, and then, counting on Russia to be slow, turn on that country, and make an end of her. But Germany forgot to reckon with the hosts. She was mistaken in Belgium. As our Saviour was hanged to the cross with the nail prints in his hands, and a crown of thorns on his head, in order that the world might be saved from sin, so did poor, bleed-

"Speeditis"—Our slogan.

ing Belgium, offer herself as the sacrifice to be hanged on the cross to suffer that the world might be saved from Prussianism. The world can never forget this act on the part of Belgium, and never can it repay Belgium the debt which it owes her.

You all know what has happened to Belgium since that fateful day in August over three years and a half ago. The country has been ravished with fire and sword. Old men, women, and children have been deliberately and ruthlessly massacred. War materials and crops have been seized without payments, factories have been destroyed, machinery has been stolen and sent into Germany; and, crowning infamy of centuries, workmen have been torn from their homes and sent into slavery. The Belgian people still stand caged behind steel bars, formed of German bayonets. Those who have escaped fire and sword and nameless evils are still hungry, famished, and enslaved, ground down beneath the heel of the tyrant. But their courage remains unbroken and unbreakable.

However Germany was not content to stop with Belgium. Thousands upon thousands of Armenians have been massacred, starved, and treated as slaves, torn from their homes and all that is dear to them, and sent without food on a long journey across the deserts of Arabia. Poland has been devastated. The people of France who have been so unfortunate as to fall into German hands are forced into absolute slavery.

These things are the result of endeavoring to carry out that idea of ancient imperialism and civilization, to spread that "Kultur" which was supposed to surpass all civilization, that "Kultur" which has meant the very highest in Music, Art, Literature, Science and Philosophy; which has given us such men as Wagner, Lenbach, Goethe, Schiller, Nietzsche, and Schultz; that has caused anything German to be considered super-quality. "Kultur" no longer stands for these things, but rather for murder, devastation, slavery, treachery, broken pledges, rapine, arson, deportation and massacre. German "Kultur" no longer stands for civilization, but barbarism, anything vile or contemptible. But why? There is only one answer. Because "Kultur," under the leadership of, and as a background for, the Kaiser and his war lords, has deteriorated, it has degenerated, until today it is as stench in the nostrils of civilization. It is as leprosy to the world. Under this Prussian program, not merely is war inevitably "hell," but it is deliberately the very lowest stratum of hell, and the means of rendering it such are worked out with scientific precision.

The world, then, has the following indictment against Germany:

She has betrayed the neutrality of Belgium, murdered Armenia and devastated Poland.

She has set the torch of incendiarism to factories, workshops, ships and wharves, and has laid the bomb of the assassin in munition plants and holds of ships.

She has sought to corrupt mankind with a selfish dream of peace when there is no peace.

She has willfully butchered innocent men, women, and children, showing no mercy because of circumstance or condition.

She has destroyed commerce.

She seeks to terrorize us with her devilish policy of frightfulness.

She has violated every canon of international decency, and set at naught every solemn treaty and every precept of international law.

She has plunged the world into the maddest orgy of blood, rapine, and murder which history records.

She has covered the entire world with spies, assassins, and incendiaries, endangering the life of everyone.

She seeks to destroy civilization.

A country or government that will stoop to such things should be entirely abolished from the earth. God is always on the side of the right, and by the grace and help of the Omnipotent, may "Kultur" and militarism be forever wiped from the face of the Earth, and the world for all time made "safe for Democracy," assuring the liberty of all people and that "Culture," and not "Kultur," be advanced by "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

K. FLEET SUMMERS, '18.

There's meters of measure,
And meters of tone
But the best way to meet her
Is to meet her alone.

Wanted—Good students.

CLASS HISTORY

At the present time we have the privilege of turning the pages of History which reveal to us the acts and deeds which have been accomplished by men centuries past. Such are the works of the literary genii, the discoverers, inventors, artists and sculptors, who have advanced the civilization of the world—men, who were brave, bold, courageous and energetic. Not only through the individual efforts of these men are we able to trace the rise and fall of nations but through their united efforts and cooperation much more has been accomplished. None of these things are so important to us at the present time as the Great World War of today, which will require several volumes to record its wonderful History. Along with the History of the great war will be recorded the History of the Senior Class of the N. T. H. S.—1918—the first and only class that has ever graduated from the N. T. H. S. The privilege of recording the History of this most noble class has been bestowed upon me this evening. Although not claiming to be a Historian I feel it an honor to leave a record to our future classmen—a record which has never been excelled by any class preceding this one. Ours is a class which has had more hardships to battle with than any class will have in the future. Through the help of a good supervisor and the strenuous efforts of this class the N. T. H. S. has been made what it is today.

FRESHMAN

August 31, 1914, a class of fourteen, Vern Shinneman, Clarence Keel, Fleet Summers, Lee Pippin, William Gray, Howard Pippin, William Costley, Karl Peterson, Otha Polston, Martha Collier, Mildred Saylor, Lola Emery, Gertrude Taylor and Iva Emery entered the Weldon High School, which at that time offered a two-year course under one teacher, Professor Roy Baker.

These fourteen never knew what stage or epoch of History they were passing through when becoming acquainted with the new customs, which occur with any change of habitude. They were never addressed as Freshmen which must have been due to the size of the school and the lack of class spirit of the higher classmen. After passing through this stage which is dreaded by all Freshmen, no class has since followed our footsteps without being branded with the proper label.

Under the supervision of Mr. Baker to whom we give credit for laying the foundation of our High School education, twelve of the fifteen members of the class were faithful to the end and succeeded in completing the first year of our High School career successfully. These twelve looked into the future a year ahead to the time when they thought that they would graduate. It seemed but a short distance away to their disappointment, but for their good, this year was lengthened into three, and instead of graduating from a two-year High School those who stood the storm and fought the battle to a finish are here before you this evening as the first graduates of the N. T. H. S.

Very little concerning social progress is supposed to be learned during the Freshman year. But one social event took place which made the history of this class important, the students less neglectful and more thoughtful, that was a surprise on Mr. Baker given by the High School at the close of the term. Thoughtlessly the cream, was left sitting just outside the kitchen door. When it came time for it to play its part it was reported missing. After an unsuccessful search all returned to bid Mr. Baker "Good Night," at which time refreshments of cake and coffee were served. At all parties following this one more precaution was taken against thieves.

With the intention of leaving Weldon, Mr. Baker gave to the school, on the closing day, a farewell address, which was very much appreciated by all the students.

SOPHOMORE

As the road becomes more difficult to travel, there are always fewer who go that way. With the loss of two students, William Costley, who fell by the wayside and Gertrude Taylor, who changed her habitude, the remaining twelve returned to school, August 30, 1915, to complete the course prescribed by the Weldon High School. A few changes had taken place since our Freshman year. The chief of these changes was a new Principal had taken charge of affairs—a man small in stature, but mighty in words and deeds. This was no other than Mr. Johnson, our Principal at the present time.

As Sophomores we were given the privileges of Seniors, because we were accomplishing the last year's work available in our school. With all such honors as Seniors deserve being bestowed upon us, our pride and dignity were slightly lowered when we were notified that, by a vote of the people of Nixon Township, a Township High School would take the place of the Weldon High School the following year. This canceled all our plans for graduation but filled our school life with a new spirit

Each one, giving up the desire to graduate at this time and postponing it for two years went at his work with more interest, because he realized that it was the work of this class to lay the foundation upon which would be built a four-year course.

After diligent work all reached the goal set by the Weldon High School. No other class in the future can ever accomplish this end, because as we finished the work the Weldon High School passed out of existence. And the School to be was the N. T. H. S. which we highly honor today.

JUNIOR

On September 4, 1916, the class of '18 assembled as Juniors of the N. T. H. S. again taking the seats of Seniors, because of their being conspicuous by their absence. Losing a classmate, Iva Emery, and being reinforced by two new members, C. C. Gray, a former graduate of the Weldon High School and Walter Marvel, who previously attended the Deland High School, this class had many hardships to battle with in making their acts and deeds examples for those who were to follow. Under the guidance of the faculty, Mr Johnson, principal; Mr. Lightbody, science teacher, and Miss Kerr, Latin and English teacher, this class did its duty in laying the foundation of the N. T. H. S. Every movement taken by them was carefully considered and carried out to the best of their ability because they realized that what they did would be the custom in future years. On Sept. 5, the first meeting of the class was held at which officers were elected—Howard Pippin, president; Mildred Saylor, vice president; Vern Shinneman, treasurer, and Lola Emery, secretary.

Among the events which were of importance this year was a party given by the Juniors, for the High School at the home of Vern Shinneman. This party was beneficial both socially and educationally. The faculty departed that night with a greater store of knowledge than they ever expected to have bestowed upon them by Juniors. Before the first year of the N. T. H. S. was finished its reputation had been established throughout Central Illinois, both in literary work and athletics; but upon the completion of this year, ten of the thirteen members of the class of '18, as Juniors were successful in obtaining credits which entitled them to the name of Seniors.

SENIOR

On the third of September, 1917, the class of '18 began to take the last step toward the goal set for them by the N. T. H. S. The membership of this class had now decreased in number to nine. With the entrance of this class into the N. T. H. S. as Seniors, the four-year course as planned the preceding year was completed. Mr. Johnson, our former principal remained to superintend this body. The other members of the faculty were Mr. Lightbody, science teacher, Miss Gibson, occupying Miss Kerr's place as teacher of English and Latin and Miss Walkup, supervisor of Music and teacher of History. The class now prepared to complete the course under these "bestowers" of knowledge. On the third of September a class meeting was held and new officers were elected—President, Mildred Saylor; Vice President, Fleet Summers; Secretary and Treasurer, Vern Shinneman; "Launched but not Anchored," was chosen for motto; white rose for flower; green and white for colors and rings for class emblems. Later at another meeting Mr. Johnson was elected as class advisor.

On the morning of April 1, 1918, the most important event in the history of both the N. T. H. S. and of this class took place, a grey haired gentleman visitor made himself conspicuous in the High School, not only in the assembly but also in the class rooms, where he seemed deeply interested in the methods of procedure. After his departure it was learned that he was an inspector from the University of Illinois and had after careful observation and consideration accredited the N. T. H. S. with the University of Illinois. The N. T. H. S. can no longer be considered as an inferior organization; but that it has equal standing with any High School in the State and is far superior to many. Several other events took place worthy to mention among which was the several parties held by the Senior Class during the closing months of School. The first one was a surprise on Mr. Johnson, which was held at his home, Feb. 6. Later, March 6, the faculty and the members of the class assembled at the home of Lola Emery, where a good social time was enjoyed by all and again on Mar. 21 the class in the presence of the faculty was entertained at the home of Fleet Summers. The last party of the year was the Junior-Senior Reception, May 6, at which the Juniors proved themselves royal entertainers.

On May 8, eight of the fourteen, who entered the Weldon High School Aug. 31, 1914, are this evening completing their High School career, from the N. T. H. S. In looking back over these four years we are able to comprehend the great deeds which we have accomplished and that the road which we traveled, never traveled by any before us is a safe and sure road to success. Highly honoring this Institution, which was born during our High School life and in the closing days of our Senior year recognized as accredited with the State University, we bid the N. T. H. S. farewell.

WM. H. GRAY '18.

CLASS POEM

Our ship is nearing its journey's end
With eight out of thirteen
That started in search of commencement land
The eight are the class of " '18."

We can see the land of our commencement
Beyond which lies the land of success;
But before we reach our achievement
Through the first land we must pass.

Four years ago we sailed on four unknown seas
Nearing our goal one sea each year
Till now, our sailing will soon cease;
For this is the last, the Senior year.

Four years have we sailed on that old ship
With friends that were kind and true;
Soon we must leave our old ship
And bid our friends adieu.

When we think of the schoolmates we must leave
And we the first class to ride the foam.
It makes one's chest begin to heave
Like a soldier boy's when he thinks of home.

Our sailing will soon be over
Our school day troubles will pass,
On the eight of May we leave forever,
N. T. H. S. as the Senior class.

Farewell Nixon High forever
We leave thee with a sigh
For from you we must part forever
So now to you, "good-bye."

KARL L. PETERSON '18.

THINGS YOU OFTEN SEE

Gladys running from a mouse.
Ossie powdering her nose.
Charles sleeping in class.
Everyone so quiet you could hear a pin drop—when the telephone rings.
Vern sitting on the legs of the chair.
Florence sitting on the table.
Latin students frowning.
Rain— when there is a "party on."
Everyone sleepy on Monday morning.
Charles late to school, esp. on Monday morning.
"Freshies" gazing around the room.
Ossie giggling.
Florence whispering when the teacher's back is turned.

"Knock! Knock! Knock!"—Freshies.

CLASS PROPHECY

Well, here it is 1928. Ten years have passed since I left the old town of Weldon. There is a class graduating. This reminds me of ten years ago when my class graduated from the same High School.

I will try to get in touch with some of them."

"Oh! Here is a newspaper. I wonder what the news is."

"Ah! Ha! One of the greatest Professors of Economics in the world, Miss Mildred Saylor!—and here is a telephone." (Rings).

"Hello! Who is this? Iva Emery? Well, when did you become a telephone operator?"

"Oh! You did? Well say, this is Vern Shinneman, I just came back to Weldon and while looking at a newspaper I happened to see the name, Miss Mildred Saylor, Professor of Economics at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, and I would like to buy the line for about half an hour if you don't mind connecting me up with her."

"Hello! Hello!" .....

"Hello is this you Midge?"

"This is Shinney. Don't you know me? I am glad to see you."

"Oh, I'm 'jest' fine."

"Say, I see your name is still Saylor which is something that I never expected to hear again after graduation."

"What have you been doing for yourself since we all departed from High School?"

"You graduated from Columbia University! Well, you did pretty well. I see in the paper that you are holding a very high Professorship. You surely must have struck it pretty good."

"Oh, I? I've not done much of anything. I have been a Jack-of-All Trades just like I used to be.

"Say, Midge; have you kept in very close touch with any of our other classmates?"

"Oh, you have? Well, tell me about them?"

"Oh, Wilie Gray! Well I should say I do remember him and how he loved to sit in the class room and look out of one of those south windows of the school building."

"Yes, and do you remember that time when he was looking out of one of them and fell out of his chair? Well I suppose she is his wife by now, isn't she?"

"What! He is a lawyer. Well, that is right where I had him. Tell me how you know this?

"Oh! You read it in the paper."

"Pealding a case in New York for Clarence Keel. And what is he?"

"Yes, an insurance agent is right where I thought he would be."

"Green Freshies? Well I should say I do remember them. They were 'some green kids' when they first entered High School."

"One of them is suing Clarence for Insurance!"

"What for?"

"Getting his teeth knocked out by running his automobile into a railroad car?"

"Well that is pretty good. Have you heard from any of the rest?"

"C. C. Gray? Say, he was some studious boy wasn't he, especially if he had three or four girls around teasing him. Well, I suppose he is some big automobile agent under Ford. Now didn't I just about hit it?"

"You say he is in Ko-Kokomo, Indiana, selling Ford cars? Well, I'll bet that boy sells them. He would make the people buy whether they wanted to or not. Well, good luck to him."

"Who?"

"Gustavius Adolphius!"

"No, I don't, Oh, you mean Karl Peterson, yes I remember him and how he would blush if you teased him about some girl. And say he was some experimenter in Physics, too. If no one else would make 'er work he could."

"Oh, I believe I could guess pretty close."

"Well let me see, I will say that he is an Electrician over in Sweden."

"Oh, I did. Well, I am a pretty good prophet then."

"Yes, I read in the paper a few years ago where he was the person who in-

Lost—An answer book—Alg. students.

vented the electric bomb that they killed the Kaiser with. Say he has some mental ability to figure out a bomb that will travel three hundred miles and then explode."

"Have you heard of him lately?"

"Another great invention?"

"He has invented an electric machine to raise the ships that were sunk during the war! Well that is pretty good."

"Well, any one could tell that he would play a great part in the History of the world."

"Well there are two more left for you to tell me about."

"Who?"

"Oh, Fleet Summers yes I remember him, he played a great part in our music department."

"He studied law for a few years?"

"Then went on the stage!"

"He has appeared in Paris in, "Aida," well say that is pretty good."

"And no one has ever been so successful since Caruso retired from Grand Opera! Well, he was some vocalist when he was in school."

"Who?"

"Lola Emery. Yes I remember her with those 'rosey' cheeks and dimples every five minutes at the greatest. Well tell me something about her life."

"You say she couldn't find any one to marry her after Karl Peterson refused?"

"Well say that was too bad."

"Yes, I remember reading about her being a great Suffragette leader and also about her being Senator in the Legislature of the State of New York. But say you wouldn't have thought that she had that much mental ability."

"What, running a beauty parlor now? Well, who for."

"Making a specialty of selling beauty polish for boys faces!"

"Oh, I see—to keep them from being so bashful and also to keep other people from seeing them blush when it wasn't leap year. Ha! Ha! Ha! That is pretty good. She could not find a more suitable position."

"Oh, She is going to run for United States Senator in the next election? Well good luck to her and she will receive my vote."

"Well thanks for the information and I hope to meet with all of them some day. Well good luck to you. Good-bye."

Well! well! well! just to think of the great things that all of my classmates have become and myself just bumming around with no particular ideal in mind.

VERN SHINNEMAN.

THINGS YOU OFTEN HEAR

Ira Richardson talking about the "wever" (weather).

"Are we in "Cahoots."

Karl, you're a "hog" but I'm only a "pig."

"Hit the Nail on the Head."

"How are you coming?"

"I've got 'Spring Fever.' "

"You've got my sympathy."

"Well, Gus."

"Noah perhaps had the first navy, but Jonah had the first submarine."

"AS WE OBSERVED"

I saw my father land
"My father slipped upon the ice,
Because he could not stand.
He saw the glorious Stars and stripes.

"The Faculty is a necessity."

CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of 1918, being possessed of sound mind and memory, but aware of the uncertainty of life and with due appreciation of the fact, that as a class we shall soon cease to exist, do therefore make, ordain, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

First, To our dearly beloved Alma Mater we bequeath our unceasing love and loyalty and all the distinction we have gained while there.

Second, We bequeath to this community the remembrance of the first and only "All Star Class" to graduate or that could ever be expected to graduate from such an institution as ours.

Third, We bequeath to the faculty of the High School in return for the many benefits received from them, the remembrance of our wonderful intellectuality and brilliancy, which has caused the worthy title of "stars" to be bestowed upon us, hoping that in days to come, when the many inferior classes shall try their patience and burden their lives, it may cheer and encourage them.

We give and bequeath to them our example of a high standard, and ask that it be held before all Seniors who are to follow us, so that it may aid them in their work and keep the School up to the present standard of excellency which we have established.

We give and bequeath to the Juniors who will in due course of time endeavor to fill our empty places, our most desirous wishes of success, the many honors and privileges to which Seniors are entitled and our section of seats located on the north side of the assembly room.

We give and bequeath the first seat in row six to Gladys Hunt, who is thoroughly acquainted with the front of the room, and since 1917 has had few occasions to visit the rear.

The remaining seats they may distribute among themselves in the best way they see fit, altho we ask that they remember that they are the future Seniors and that the distribution be made in a peaceable manner.

We give and bequeath to Emil Parker the art of deep, scientific, mathematical study and reasoning now in the possession of Mildred Saylor.

We give and bequeath to Ossie Shearer the undying love for study combined with the sunny disposition which Lola Emery holds among her possessions.

We give and bequeath to Chas. Adams a remedy for sleepiness in class, which Karl Peterson by many hours of electrical and chemical research work has discovered. See Mr. Peterson at once and take the prescribed cure according to his directions.

We give and bequeath to Ray Olson the eloquent oratorical power which Fleet Summers now possesses.

We give and bequeath to Earl Roben the secret of having a different girl each night without any serious consequences. Clarence Keel has many other secrets along this same line that he will gladly impart to any Junior or Sophomore who will call upon him within the next ten days.

We give and bequeath to Lila Ballenbach the authoritative power in future years which William Gray has exercised during the year of 1918.

We give and bequeath to Harry Goble the artful and diplomatic characterisites which Vern Shinneman now possesses.

To the Sophomores of '18 we give and bequeath the many qualities which are required to make a remarkable class.

We give and bequeath to the Freshman Class a small amount of sympathy, which we think will be greatly needed by them as they pass through the various stages of High School life.

All property not herein mentioned we give and bequeath to the remaining members of the Junior Class for one year only. At the expiration of that stated time this said property becomes the permanent possessions of the Board of Education of the Nixon Township High School.

We do hereby appoint as executrix of this, our last will and testament, the President of the Junior Class of '18, who we think can conscientiously attend to the carrying out of the terms of these, our last requests.

Witness our hand and seal this Seventh day of May, 1918, A. D., Class of Nineteen Eighteen.

C. C. GRAY, '18.

Grades are not everything — Clarence.

SENIORS' CHARGE

Hear ye—all under classmen and students who are about to enter High School—listen, all ye Juniors to that advice which I am about to impart to the class of 1919.

It is not my idea this evening, member of the class of 1919, to make startling statements about you nor is it my purpose to hand you any bouquets, but what I have planned to do is to give to you those words which you have made necessary because of the fact that you have failed to show that initiative and good judgment which should characterize third year students.

A little over a month ago the Junior class secured the services of our Local Band and immediately advertised that a Junior Play was going to be given. Look you they said "Juniors" when over half of those appeared during the evening were Seniors, Sophomores or Freshmen. And when I say this I do not include the Band. Ah Juniors, you do not know how my heart bled for you when you willfully misrepresented the goods you were displaying. I charge you, never again lie to anyone—even the most harmless of the insects will one day point an accusing finger at you, if you do. Do you know what happens to little folks who "stories" to their mammas and especially to Seniors?

There is one among you who must be admired for her beauty and splendid physique. Some day the class of '19 will be greatly honored by this young lady. She is going to be commander-in-Chief of the Temperance forces of the United States and in later years I am sure that when you read of her shooting up some main thorough-fare of some town or knocking off the head of some policeman, you will say with no little amount of pride: "She was a member of my class in High School." And then when she becomes real excited and her wonderful temper, of which she is so proud, gains control of her, she will be thrown into the city dungeon. Will that not be a great day for the class of '19? To think that one of your foremost classmates is in Sing-Sing or Joliet on such a disreputable charge. Therefore, I charge you Juniors. Talk to the young lady. Show her the folly of such a career, which she seems intent upon following; point out to her the great dishonor and unasked for notoriety that she will bring upon those who once believed her to possess such intelligence and good judgment as to belong to the class of '19.

And now as to your musical ability and the prospects for the ensuing year Juniors, it is with much pride that I speak of the class of '18 in regard to its musicians. Has any class leaving this school ever taken with it the number of musicians which the class of '18 is so honored? And when I say musicians I mean they are proficient along every line, musicians who make other classes, and in fact the whole community sit up and take notice. In 1916 Miss Kerr organized the Boy's Glee club. Six of the eight members were Seniors and in the two succeeding years the membership has remained the same. Upon these six Seniors has fallen all of the work and responsibility of furnishing the talent. Do you think you will ever be able to appear before the public again in a musical entertainment? In saying this I do it not in the spirit of bragging but to bring before you the high standard these me of '18 have set for the other classes especially you Juniors.

There have been many instances this year, class of '19, in which you have proved yourself incapable of bearing the name of Junior, but there is one which stands out among the rest. This occasion has given way to much comment throughout the other classes and among outside people who are interested in the welfare of the school. The matter to which I refer was the choosing of a vocation by one of the members of the Class of '19. Everyone stood amazed and aghast when they saw him standing over a young man whom he was in the act of shaving. Think of it all you who know the many horrible gashes which he inflicted upon the poor victim in the chair. Think how narrowly the class of '19 escaped having a murderer among its number. Hereafter, you amateur barber, never try to shave anyone except with a safety razor because you must never disgrace your class again.

Our men have always played a conspicuous part on the Basket Ball Team. They have carried the responsibility of the team. When two of our Seniors were removed from the Basket Ball Team because they moved away, the team was practically broken up. For a long time it remained in this crippled state, so long that one of our Seniors who had never played basket ball before came to the rescue and starred at center.

It is said there is no person or collection of persons but what there is some good trait about them. This can be said of the Class of '19. There are two persons worthy of mention. The first has shown that he is just a trifle above the average member of his class by winning and holding the love of our distinguished President. You are to be highly complimented on your choice. You have undoubtedly shown

that you have a fine conception of women. Your classmates have not been blessed with the knowledge you have displayed in your choice of a soulmate. Again, I say, you are to be complimented upon your taste which is so conspicuous among the other men of your class because of its absence.

The other person, besides being are all around ladies' man is a singer. His voice is of such a deep, melodious and divine nature that when he sings it is hard to discern whether it is the voice of a human or the braying of an animal nearby. Last week he received a letter from a prominent farmer who offered him as high as a dollar a day to call the hogs, horses, cows and chickens at feeding time. I do believe this is your chance; accept the position and I believe with actual experience which you would gain this summer, the next year you may come back and pour such melodious notes as only befits a Senior.

Has not this experiment proved successful in the class of '18. Look at our own Senior who has spent all his holidays among those domestics and is now considered one of the best singers that ever left this school. And so I charge you, because of your membership in the Class of '19 to look well to this piece of advice which has been handed to you. Take the position offered you and I am sure that if you apply yourself in the right manner, that you will attain that position in the musical world which I have already mentioned now belongs to a member of the Class of '18.

But these young men are not the only ones who have not been blessed with the dignity that is so prominent in the Class of '18. You have several who still act as they did when Freshmen, but as it would be impossible for me to enumerate the many instances of unseemly conduct among you I shall state only a few of the worst. as an example so the rest may profit by their mistakes. There are two young ladies whom I believe everyone in the school has noticed, in fact, it would be impossible to enter the building without having these two creatures attract your eye. They come as early as they are permitted and take fifteen minutes for lunch, returning at 12:20. Why? To prance up and down the halls and stairways watching for an opportunity to talk with the young men who happen to arrive early.

Next year you girls will be Seniors, perhaps. Are you going to continue in this undignified manner? Let us hope not. If you know not the bearing which becomes Senior girls, look at the girls of '18 Notice how they enter the assembly, how they walk about the halls and notice in particular the dignified manner in which they hold conversation with the young men of the School. Do not put your feet upon the desk in front or to the side of you. Do not giggle at every little silly thing that occurs during the day. 'Twill be hard to do at first, but try hard and by degrees you will assume that dignity so prominent among the girls of '18 and which has earned for them the name of being the most sensible class of girls that has ever left this School.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the Senior class of '18, for it was entirely through their untiring efforts that theNixon Township High School was placed on the accredited list of the University of Illinois. When the inspector came on the first day of last month his first request was to see the Seniors. You all know the result. When he gazed upon those beaming and intelligent faces, he was speechless. But we could read in his face those words: "It is enough, I am satisfied."

Will the representative of the Junior Class please come up here on the platform? And so, Juniors, it is with no small amount of pride and tenderness that I hand to you this gavel which represents to us all that is near and dear to our Alma Mater, and I charge you, Juniors, to maintain the lofty and serene position which our School has attained and which is here so fittingly represented. It is with you, entirely, whether or not this School will retain this position.

And now friends of the Class of '19 I hope you have marked well these words of advice that I have given you this afternoon. I hope that you will profit by the many mistakes you have made this year. Of course, I have named only a few of the greater errors, because it would be impossible to bring to mind the many unsurmisable defects which stood out so strong in your class this year. But by those which I have mentioned I sincerely hope you will profit. And when the time comes next year I believe you will have assumed that dignity, becoming to Seniors, which was nothing short of perfect throughout the class of this year

Cultivate some literary ability in your class. If you do not know how to start doing this, ask the several members of the Class of '18, who have starred on the literary platform during the past two or three years. The only literary work ever done in this School has been done by the Class of '18 Is it not enough to show their superiority along this line? Could you look to a better example?

And so it is Class of '19. It would require much time to point out your deficiencies and it would require an equal amount of time to enumerate the good and worthy deeds of the Class of '18, which were necessary because of the fact that it re-

quired something of the sort to offset your deficiencies and childish attitude to keep the School in its high standard. Are you going to take advantage of these high motives, Class of '19? Are you going to accept this knowledge which the noble class of '18 has so tendered to you and which they have acquired through no little sacrifice of their own? It will remain to be seen next year.

And in closing, my dear schoolmates of the Class of '19, I would like to make one more charge. If at any time, in the next year you are doubtful about some little project, if you are not quite certain about the next move, think of the Class of '18. Recall to mind the wonderful manner in which they succeeded in every large undertaking, how unique every little detail was worked out; recall to mind their brilliant achievements along the lines of literary work, music, athletices and general school work and that if you follow their footsteps, if you accept their plan of attack of the difficult problems which will confront you; then, I am sure, Class of '19, you will leave behind you a name; a name that will go down in history; a name which people will say was excelled by only one class before, and that was the work-loving and self-sacrificing Class of '18.

CLARENCE KEEL '18.

FAMOUS STALLS

I didn't get that far.
I guess I studied the wrong lesson.
I didn't understand that part of the lesson.
I brought the wrong paper to class.
I didn't understand the assignment.
I didn't have time to get over quite all of the lesson.
I've lost my paper.
I don't recall.
I don't know.
I tranlated all but that.
Was that our lesson for today.

Why does "Willie" like "Summers"?

JUNIORS' RESPONSE

Seniors — In behalf of the Junior Class, I accept this gavel and along with it the well meant advice which you have so kindly given to us. Yes, as I look at it I will admit that the Seniors have made one or two marks of achievement upon it but when the Class of '19 passes it on at the end of next year this gavel will be so covered with our achievements that we can never be rivaled by any past or coming Classes.

We have listened attentively while you have tried to advise us as to how we should act. You have endeavored to show us what few mistakes we have made, yet they are so small in comparison with the awful, monstrous and awesome blunders which the Class of '18 have committed, that this conclusion might be drawn: The mistakes of the Juniors are to those of the Seniors as the mole-hill is to the mountain.

As to the entertainment you have mentioned we admit that the Juniors secured the help of the Band, but was not the entertainment advertised as one to be given by "Barclay's Military Band and Junior Class?" There was only one member in the play from outside the Junior Class and he was a Sophomore — not a Senior. This entertainment was an entire success and we wish to express our sincere sympathy for him whose heart bled for us and who needlessly shed such tears for us.

But what of the Senior's entertainments? You talked and planned giving a class play, but had to give up the idea, and why? Because of fewness of numbers, inability to act and a complete lack of that initiative necessary in all such thinks. This plan having altogether failed, you proceeded to try another one, but with scarcely any more success. You secured Mr. Kuonen, a Frenchman, knowing a great deal about the present war, to come and give a lecture under the auspices of the Senior Class. What was the result? Because of poor management and deplorable advertisement it came very near being a complete failure for the Seniors. Just enough money was made to pay the expenses of the speaker and put something like a dollar and a half or two dollars into your treasury. Are not these brilliant achievements? Does not this show wonderful ability, great accomplishments and superior powers for management?

Now, as to the scholastic ability of this class of '18. For instance let me give you one very striking example. One of the Seniors, who has been barely slipping through school the past two years, is supposed to be endeavoring to make up work in which he flunked last year. During the first semester this dignified Senior was very conspicuous because of his frequent periods of absence from school and during the last semester he has caused a great amount of comment by his "divine right" to cut classes at his own pleasure. But listen! Almost on the eve of commencement, this worthy Senior of whom I am speaking, was actually in the dark as to whether or not he would graduate. Does not this show wonderful scholastic ability combined with that dignity which is supposed to belong to Seniors?

The standard bearer, in his remarkable speech delivered a few moments ago, said: "It was through our own untiring efforts that Nixon Township High School was placed on the accredited list of the University of Illinois." Is this true? Where was the faculty during all this time the Seniors were putting forth such untiring efforts? Was not their teaching ability estimated? Where was the Board of Education? Where were the other classes, and especially the Juniors? Did not the inspector visit the other classes? Was not the apparatus supplied taken into consideration? Presuming from the statement made, all these things were immaterial. We all know better. The very statement itself is inconsistent on the face of it.

But perhaps I have already said enough about the short comings of the Class of '18 to enable every one here to clearly see them as they are — not as they would have us believe.

The Class of '18 boast of their athletic ability, of the number of their men on the basketball team. But where have they the right to boast and feel proud? The Juniors have far surpassed the rest of the school in athletics. I would like to ask who in this school has the good judgement necessary to be manager of the basketball team? A Junior. Who in this school has the brains and ability it takes to be a captain of the team? A Junior, of course. Not only has this Junior been captain of the team for the past year, but for the past two years. What men were voted honorary positions at the county basketball tournament? Not Seniors, but Juniors. One of the Junior players was voted forward on the second all star team and another one voted running guard on the second all star team. Is this not enough to make the Seniors, as well as everyone else, sit up and take notice of the Class of '19?

As for the literary ability of the Class of '19, who can outshine our class? No one. Who has carried away the prizes in evry reading contest we have had i nthe High

School? One of the members of the Class of '19. At the same time that we won the honors in the reading contest one of the members of our Class was awarded the prize for being the best essayist in the High School. Can the Class of '18 boast of like deeds?

You have heard how the Seniors boasted of their musical ability. They have forgotten to mention the fact that in our Literary contest of last year no Senior would compete with a Junior either in a vocol or instrumental solo. Does this show the musical ability of which the Class of '18 boasts so much?

We all agree that the Class of '18 is the best that has ever graduated from Nixon High School. No one will dispute that. Why? Because they are the first class to graduate from this school, but the Senior Star slowly sinks from view and above the horizon can be seen the Junior constellation illuminating old N. T. H. S. with a glory which will far surpas that of the Class of 1918.

RACHEL SUMMERS.

VALEDICTORY

Parents, teachers and classmates:

This gathering tonight is one of the last in which the class as a unit will be present. After pursuing practically the same course of training for the past four years we are now nearing the close of our scholastic career in the Nixon Township High School.

We are "Launched, but not Anchored" and from this time on we must "paddle our own canoe," but during these years of friendship, we have been given opportunities which, because we have taken advantage of them, tend to make that paddling much easier. During this time we have had the advantage of having a faculty who could not be surpassed. Last of all, we have had the advantage of having Mr. Johnson, our Principal, who has done all in his power to make this class a success. There is no doubt but that he has done so, and will still continue working for our interests. At this time I take pleasure in expressing on behalf of the class, our sincere appreciation for the untiring efforts of our Principal and the members of the faculty. We believe that it is only through their endeavors that we have succeeded in filling the requirements made for us as graduates of the Nixon Township High School.

During this brief term our ambitions have been centered on our desire to raise the standard of our School and to better ourselves, so that we may be safely launched upon Life's sea. Our attitude, when we enter Life's School, should be similar. We ought to have some interests larger than ourselves whereby we may help make the world better. Our future career, whatever it may be, is but a phase of the game of Life as we have learned to play it here in School except that we are to put into practice the knowledge we have gained here.

We cannot all be President of the United States nor do we all wish to be. Consequently we cannot all realize our aims in life. But to fail is to succeed if you fail honestly. Honest failure requires just as much or probably more effort than does true success. Even if failure comes if we have played the game square we know that the reward is just as sweet in the end if we can honestly say "I tried."

As this, one of the most pleasant evenings of our school career, draws towards a close we are saddened by the realization that never again will we be re-united in the class room. Never again can we proudly say that we are a student of the Nixon Township High School. But this sadness is lessened by a feeling of joy and determination that we will ever be a credit to this institution of which we are now a part.

And now, at parting, we must not forget that the eyes of those whom we leave behind are expectantly looking for our success. It should therefore, classmates, be our ambition to promote ourselves to such an extent, that the Nixon Township High School shall not be ashamed but proud to rank us as the first class among the members of its Alumni. So before closing let me present to you the words of George Herbert, that they may help you in your struggle for success:

"Pitch thy behavior low, thy project high,
So shall thous humble and magnanimous be
Lack not in spirit, who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much than he who means a tree."

And so let each one "' do his bit" as best he can, remembering that "not failure but low aim is crime." With these thoughts, on behalf of the Class of 1918, I bid you all farewell.

LOLA EMERY '18.

"Monday comes too soon after Sunday night"—Jake.

CLASS PECULIARITIES

Though wise and learned as you'll see,
We all must have peculiarities;
For even an All Star Class has fads
That will make our dear "Nixonia" glad.

C. C., whose hair is always a sight,
Just always says, "Oh, I'm alright!"

Clarence? Oh, he's a nice, neat boy
And liking the girls is his chief joy!

Vern, he's the funny sort, you know,
And as we know, always ready to go.

Mildred will be a schoolmarm, perchance,
And oh! how she'll make those youngsters dance!

Fleet to music is much inclined
But we really think he'll be a lawyer kind.

Our Karl, who has such winning ways,
Has always something witty to say.

Next comes dear Willie who often balks,
Unless at noon with "Her" he talks.

Lola, with cheeks so pink and pretty,
Is very willful, wise and witty.

So here's our Class of 1918
Most witty, graceful, bright and keen.
We're neither naughty, foolish or loud,
Of us "Nixonia" may well be proud.

LOLA A. EMERY '18.

WILLIAM H. GRAY '18.

THINGS YOU OFTEN SEE

Gladys running from a mouse.
Ossie powdering her nose.
Charles sleeping in class.
Everyone so quiet you could hear a pin drop—when the telephone rings.
Vern sitting on the legs of the chair.
Florence sitting on the table.
Latin students frowning.
Ram— when there is a "party on."
Everyone sleepy on Monday morning.
Charles late to school, esp. on Monday morning.
"Freshies" gazing around the room.
Ossie giggling.
Florence whispering when the teacher's back is turned.

"A preambulating personification of Sweden"—Karl.

Commencement Program

OF

The First Annual Commencement Exercises

NIXON TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL

M. P. CHURCH

Wednesday, May 8, 1918

8:30 P. M.

Selection a, b	Orchestra
Invocation	Rev. W. O. Lough
Selection	Orchestra
Class Address	Hon. Francis G. Blair
Selection	Orchestra
Presentation of Diplomas	L. M. Marvel, Pres. of Board of Education
Benediction	Rev. A. D. Moon

SENIOR SOCIAL EVENTS

This being their last year of High School life the Seniors held the following parties:

One bright afternoon the Senior Class decided to surprise their Faculty Advisor, Mr. Johnson. After several secret consultations with Mrs. Johnson, all plans were completed, the night decided upon being the following Tuesday. Mr. Johnson was not at home when we arrived but a plan was soon "framed" which worked well. Mr. Johnson came home to find the members of the Faculty and the Senior Class there. Many games were played during the evening. Refreshments consisting of peaches and cream, nabiscoes and cocoa were served. An enjoyable evening was spent and all departed at a late hour.

On March 6, the Seniors, chaperoned by the members of the Faculty, motored to the home of Lola A. Emery where a most enjoyable evening was spent. A little disturbance occurred in the evening as a result of a prowling Senior who was in search of a bunch of gossiping Juniors. Our fears were soon abated and the trouble forgotten. Refreshments were served. Games were played which required both wit and humor to enjoy. All departed at a late hour, tired but happy.

One of the enjoyable events of the year was given by Fleet Summers at his home on March 21. Games and music helped us to spend a delightful evening. Refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake and cocoa, were served. At an early (?) hour we sought our homes feeling indebted to our host of the evening.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

On Monday evening, May 6, the important social event of the school year, the Junior-Senior Reception, was held in the school building when the class of '19 entertained the Class of '18, the High School Faculty, and the Board of Education, at a banquet.

The guests, entering at the west door, were met by Velda Hunt and Emil Parker and ushered to the cloak room, where they removed their wraps. They were then directed to the corridor above, where they were received by Lila Bollenbach and Earl Roben.

Many exclamations were heard as the guests entered, for the corridor was indeed a fairyland bower, decorated with so many potted plants, ferns and palms that it seemed as though it were a fairy garden, while streamers of orange and blue (the Junior colors) were to be found everywhere.

After a short address of welcome by the President of the Juniors Rachel Summers, all made their way to the banquet Hall, to the strains of music played by a Victrola. Here place cards directed each one to his particular place. The banquet hall was indeed beautiful. Soft red lights gave a tinge of beauty to the leafy branches which were everywhere amongst the green and white (Senior colors) streamers. The tables were prettily arranged with bouquets of lovely white roses.

After all were seated an enjoyable supper was served, consisting of:

Lemonade

Chicken Sandwiches — Potato Salad
Radishes — Wafers
Pickles — Pea Salad
Ice Cream with Chocolate Syrup
Cake — Coffee
Mints

When the last course was finished a series of clever toasts was given on the subject, "At the Front," Ray Olson acting as toastmaster.

After this, all returned to the corridor where they were entertained with music and games. Later for a short time, everyone enjoyed a social talk with everyone else.

As the hour was growing late, M. Mildred Saylor, the Senior President, expressed the Seniors' appreciation of the enjoyable occasion, commenting upon the friendly relations existing between the two classes, and giving the underclassmen a vision of the aspirations and ideals of Seniors. Then the guests departed, expressing the firm belief that the class of '19 were royal entertainers.

"One of Natures strangest blunders"—Clarence.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY?

NAME	ALIAS	AMBITION	SLANG	FAVORITE STUNT	FAVORITE SONG
Vern	"Shinney"	None Whatever	"Now twit" (quit)	Feeding Candy to the Girls	"When I Get You Alone Tonight"
Mildred	"Midge" "Saylors"	Nurse	"By tater"	Talking to Him	"Let's Take an Old Fashioned Buggy Ride"
Karl	"Pete" "Gus"	Electrical Engineer	"Sure"	"Being Sweet"	"If I Only Had Some One to Love Me"
Fleet	"Grit" "Sum"	Lawyer	"Oh, Shoot!"	"Acting Cute"	"Nobody Knows the Troubles I have"
Willie	"Bill"	Chief Justice	"Aw, Cut it out!"	"Sleeping in English Class"	"I want to Linger a Little Longer"
Lola	"Hylo" "Nell"	Senator	"Oh, Governor!"	Educating Pete	"A Little Bit of Love"
C. C.	"Peck"	Editor	"Oh, Heavens Bugs"	Amusing the Girls	"Darling Let Me Put My Arm Around You"
Clarence	"Peanut" "Slave"	Gentleman of Leisure	"Oh, Frost"	Having a New Girl Every Night	"If I Only Had a Check from Home"

Adams Summers Olson Hunt Parker Bales Roben Wilson Shearer Pol'enbach Hunt

JUNIOR CLASS

CLASS ROLL

Gladys Hunt—All the world is a stage and she is the best actress.

Earl Roben—Known to the High School and to his friends as "Jake Roben."

Rachel Summers—She, who has no music in her soul, is fit for—nothing.

Emil Parker—Quiet, but with laughing blue eyes.

Beatrice Bales—I have been proposed to three times.

Lila Bollenback—A gay and laughing girl so full of mirth. We need more like her on this old earth.

Harry Goble—Very fond of a sailor (Saylor).

Beulah Wilson—Of softest manners, unaffected mind, Lover of peace and human kind.

Ossie Shearer—I should think your tongue had broken its chain.

Charles Adams—He plays basketball, aint he cuts? Isn't he cunnin' in a basketball suit!

Velda Hunt—Always ready to lend a helping hand.

Ray Olson—A real yell leader.

CLASS OFFICERS

Rachel Summers ..... President
Harry Goble ..... Secretary
Clara Phillips ..... Treasurer

Ossie—Do you believe the adage that money talks?

Lila—Well, I've often heard of money orders.

WITHIN THE LAW

Ray—See here waiter the ice in this lemonade is melted.

Waiter—Yessah we aint allowed to serve only sof' drinks sah.

CLASS PLAY

One of the dramatic incidents of the season was given by the Junior Class on the night of March the thirtieth.

It was given in the form of a short farce entitled "Hans Von Smash." It pictured the conditions of a German when he first entered this country and the difficulties he had in understanding the American language.

It was universally exclaimed a success by all present. The players showed much talent and played their part exceedingly well. Earl Roben in the personage of Hans Von Smash was the star of the evening.

The members of the caste were:

Hans Von Smash ..... Earl Roben
Mr. Batch ..... Ernest Dicker
John Prettyman ..... Chas. Adams
Henry Dasher ..... Ray Olson
Mary Batch ..... Gladys Hunt
Susie Batch ..... Rachel Summers
Katie, servant ..... Velda Hunt

Barclay's Military Band furnished part of the program of the evening. A few favorite selections were played which were enjoyed by all present. A few miscellaneous numbers were also given by other members of the School. R. W. O., '19.

Didn't I tell you to give your friend the best part of the apple? Now, why did you give him the seeds.

Rachel—Well, they'er the best part. He can take them home and plant them and have a whole orchard.

Earl—Do you think dreams are unlucky.

Velda—Yes. I think they are if they come in school hours.

DIFFICULT FEAT

Charles was sitting with his feet stretched far out into the aisle and was busily chewing gum when the teacher espied him.

"He thinks too little, and talks too much"—Paul P.

Charles! Cried the teacher sharply.

Yes ma'am?

Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in.

"In a pinch use foot ease," remarked a tramp as he threw a package of powder in the policeman's eyes who was about to arrest him.

Beulah—What makes Gladys squeal so when she sees a little mouse.

Beatrice—Because she is afraid if she doesn't scream no one will know it is close by.

Emil—Don't patronize that restaurant, they charge ten cents for pie.

Jake—What of it? I am a piece-at-any price man.

CLASS POEM

(With Apologies to Henry W. Longfellow)

Tell us not in mournful numbers,
Charles doesn't like to sleep and dream!
The mind is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Ray is real! Earl is earnest!
And the grade is not their goal.
At school they are, to school returnest
To help fill out the Junior roll.

Enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is Velda's destined end or way.
Rachel acts that each tomorrow
Finds her farther than today.

School is long, and time is fleeting,
And Emil's heart, though brave and stout,
Still, like muffled drum, is beating,
For the time when school is out.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let Lila do as she thinks best;
Act, Ossie,—in the living present!
For the joyous are the blest.

The life of Gladys does remind us
That marvels can make lives sublime,
And Beulah, not at all behind us
Will leave her footprints on the sands of time.

Harry's footprints, too, may help another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn, disheartened brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait

—Beatrice Bales '19.

"He who rides a pony to exams must expect to fall."

Richardson McKown Montgomery Emery Galaway Whitaker Dickey

SOPHOMORES

CLASS ROLL

Ernest Dickey—"Dickey"—Swift in everything but spelling.
Opal Emery—"O-Pal"—Shy and modest as a violet.
Clarence Galloway—"Skeenzy"—Three stories high; long, lank and lean.
Florence McKown—"Shorty"—Big surprises always come in small packages.
William Montgomery—"Bud"—"If you don't know—Bluff."
Ira Richardson—"Richey"—He's a quiet chap sometimes.
Helen Whitaker—"Lolly"—Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Florence McKown
Vice President ..... Opal Emery
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Ernest Dickey
Class Advisor ..... Miss Sylvia R. Gibson

CLASS MOTTO

"Hit, Don't Fan."

CLASS COLORS

Purple and White.

CLASS POEM

We are the Sophomore class of only seven,
But we're as good as forty-eleven;
For our school work is the very best,
And if you don't believe it, just put us to the test.

All the other classes laugh at us,
But what do we care for that stuff;
We know their laughs are harmless
So why should that corrupt our business.

We never try to shun our work
Like the Freshies, who are known to shirk,
But we do our best all the time
Even if others do fall behind.

We are going to graduate some day,
Then all the people will say,
"There is a noble class we look to
For the many deeds they will do."

ERNEST DICKEY.

JOKES

A green Freshman, named Pete, in answering the question, "What is the method of curing hog cholera?" replied, "Give him some serum and if that doesn't cure him death will."

ON THE WALL AT MIDNIGHT

I lay in bed at midnight
And gazed upon the wall,
The bed bugs and the roaches
Were playing football.

The score was six to nothing,
The bed bugs were ahead,
The game was so exciting
That I fell out of bed.

One Kiss Miss Gibson—"When was the Gettys-
More Kisses burg address delivered?"
One Miss Noble Junior—"Eighty-seven years
There Mrs. after the Civil War."

One of the bright noble Juniors had the nerve to ask what a "Submarine" was as she had never heard of such a thing before.

FRESHMAN

Adams Barnett Mahoney Baker Conn Baker Peterson
Swearingen Boben Montgomery Gray

FRESHMAN

Colors—Pink and Silver Grey.
Metto—Impossible is Un-American.

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Sarah Montgomery
Vice President ..... Fae Conn
Secretary ..... Ruby Gray
Treasurer ..... Deane Adams

CLASS ROLL

Duff Barnett—"I like the girls, but I lack the nerve."
Dean Adams—"Let the earth slide, I should worry."
Sarah Montgomery—"I'll do just as I please."
Mildred Baker—"One of the musical throng."
Fae Conn—"I just hate Arithmetic."
Ruby Gray—"Modest, shy, and quite."
Thelma Mahoney—"Is it free?"
Paul Peterson—"Teacher's pet."
Florence Baker—"She speaks and behaves just as she ought."
Wayne Walpole—"Firty-free bushels."
Cora Swearingen—"Go to Grass."
Juanita Clemons—"Short, stout and round about."
Fred Colville—"Let's play hookey."
Ollie Roben—"Very small for her size."

"F" is for the Freshman,
Who is not a fool
"S" is for the Sophomore,
Who wants to quit school.

"J" is for the Junior,
Whose work must be judged.
"S" is for the Senior,
Whom the rest of us can't budge.

CLASS JOKES

1. One of our little Freshman in reading about "Argosies Cast," substituted the words "Angora Cat."

2. Dean Adams, the chatter box, was nicknamed "Polly Parrot." He thinks it pays to be a Polly Parrot because he gets such good grades in English.

3. Fae, rushing into Miss Walkup's room, with a sigh said, "Oh! I wish I was young again."

4. Wayne finished explaining his problem in Krithmetic, Miss Walkup called on Dean for the next problem. Dean said, "I haven't it." Wayne passed his Arithmetic paper across to Dean. Referring to the paper Miss Walkup said, "Wayne are you helping Dean, or is Dean helping you?"

5. Cora has a path worn to Mr. Johnson's desk asking for help with her Algebra.

6. It "precipitates" instead of "rains" for the Freshman now.

7. Has Cora ever had the mumps?

8. Sarah doesn't add digits she adds "dig-its."

The Freshman Class presented to the N. T. H. S the Bust of Lincoln on February 12.

Owls at night and then, Owls at day—Flunkers.

Dickey
Prof. Johnson

Goble

Richardson

Shinneman

Montgomery
Summers

Capt. Adams
Coach Stillman

ATHELETICS

BASKET BALL

Only three short years ago, Basketball was an unknown sport in the old Weldon High School. Within three weeks after Prof. R. H. Johnson come upon the scene of action the game was being promoted and has progressed rapidly until at the present time the N. T. H. S. Basketball Team out classes any team, with the same advantages, in Central Illinois.

Basketball is by far the most important phase of Athletics in N. T. H. S.

GAMES OF THIS SEASON

	N. T. H. S.	Opp.
Heyworth at Weldon	13	20
Wapella at Wapella	30	11
Kenney at Kenney	2	9
Clinton at Weldon	18	17
Maroa at Weldon	16	14
Argenta at Weldon	26	7
Heyworth at Heyworth	26	16
Clinton at Weldon	33	23
Farmer City at Farmer City	17	23
Heyworth at Weldon	38	14
Clinton at Weldon	19	52
Waynesville at Weldon	32	23
Clinton at Clinton	16	27
	287	256

Lyman Stillman our Basketball Coach although just starting to coach the team last fall has made a great change in the team. He is a very good Coach and has led the team to victory many times. He is a man who is thoroughly acquainted with every phase of the various branches of Athletics and he imparts his ideas to the boys in such sane and sensible ways that they cannot help but be proficient.

The next largest asset he has is his dominant personality; always admirable his personality is the big factor that wins the fellows over to his side, so they do their best to win, "Just for Coach" as they say.

This man deserves a great deal of credit that he doesn't get. He is always active, alert, doing things for the team, assuming the initiative, in fact doing dozens of things that cause him great inconvenience just so that the School and the boys may derive the benefits.

Mr. Stillman is the boys' best friend and always works hard for their interests.

The Team

ADAMS, FORWARD

To Cap. must be given a great deal of credit for the success of the team. Level headed, determined and a great fighter, he proved himself a valuable man at the forward position and worthy of the honor of Captain.

MONTGOMERY, FORWARD

A hard fast player characterized by his gameness. His ability to shoot baskets under difficulties was a main cog in the team scoring.

SHINNEMAN, CENTER

A new man but game to the core. Vern made a valuable man at the pivot position. His loss will be sadly felt by the team of '18-'19.

GOBLE, GUARD

Heady, always fighting and a consistant scorer; Harry developed into an excellent floor guard.

DICKEY, GUARD

Dickey's rapid development as a basketball player gives him a high place in the minds of those who saw him play. At back guard his heady work and fight gives him the name of Stonewall Dickey.

SUMMERS, SUB-FORWARD

Fleet was a very accurate basket shooter and his three years experience in the game made him a very valuable man to the team.

RICHARDSON, SUB-GUARD

The first man to practice and the last to leave. Ira's development was rapid, although playing in but two games this year. Much is expected of him on next year's team.

McKOWN, ALL AROUND

Becoming a member of the team the second semester, Morris soon became one

of the swiftest players on the team. Much is expected of him next year.

Mr. Johnson showed his appreciation of the splendid work done by the boys and the coach by giving a party at his home on the evening of April 30th. Refreshments consisting of chicken sandwiches, ice cream, cake and coffee were served by Mrs. Johnson.

The boys and the coach certainly appreciate Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's ability to entertain. During the evening Mr. Johnson in a heart to heart talk to the boys and coach presented Coach Stillman, in behalf of the Aathletic Association at present, which was received and appreciated very much by Mr. Stillman.

Coach Stillman in a short talk to the boys told them of the past and future of Basketball in the N. T. H. S. Each one of the boys gave a short talk also. All in all it was one of the most enjoyable evenings of the year. A strong tie of friendship exists between the boys, the coach and the principal.

CHEATING THE BARBER

Old Sampson's hair was long and straight,
And he was wondrous strong;
Perhaps that's why the Basketball men
Let their hair grow long.

Mother: "If you do faithful work you'll be a man."
Little Boy: "If I don't will I be a woman?"

"Nixonia's cute little boy."—Pete W.

MUSICAL

The Girls Glee Club has done some very good work this year, rendering selections in a way which was far from being amateurish. The Girls have almost always been willing to appear before the public. They assisted in the fall at the High School Play at the Junior entertainment this spring, at the Lincoln program, at a Community sing and at the Minstrel Show where they were billed as "Dusky Warblers."

Left to right- Montgomery, Saylor, Emery, Hunt, Bales, Baker, Hunt, McKown

The Boys' Glee Club was organized soon after school had opened in the fall. New books were ordered and soon everyone in school was singing "If I Only Had a Check from Home." The boys sang at the Annual Play in the fall, at the patriotic program February 12, and at the Ministrel Show in the spring where they appeared as the "Barber Shop Octette."

Left to right: Olson, Peterson, Gray, Summers, Gray, Keel, Shinneman, Barnett

COLORED MINSTRELS

JOKES

Mr. J.—Those statistics were taken from some civilized country, weren't they?
Lola—I thought it was Germany.

Miss W.—Don't laugh. You might make the same mistake.
William—I'd expect to get the laugh, too.

Fleet—(Latin II) I forgot was temptata means.
MissG.—Didn't I tell you to put an a-t before that on Saturday?

Miss W.—You know what I mean by the "carrying trade, don't you?
Vern—I 'spose you mean what Great Britain has got now.

Beatrice—(A noble Junior) Girls! I know I have the slickest nose of anybody in DeWitt county.

Gladys—(In Latin II) They threw up an embankment.
Mildred—They must have had strong stomachs.

Mr. L.—How much does an ordinary turkey weigh? They didn't raise turkeys where I was raised.

Miss W.—What sort of career did Garfield have?
Vern—Not a very big one. He just grew up in the woods.

Karl's favorite date "1492"—What girl has lived that long?

Mr. J.—What time does that train leave?
Clarence—Which one, the 10:38?

Miss W.—I shall want you to look for biographies of some of our great men, such as J. J. Hill, J. Pierpont Morgan, Jane Adams,—
Vern—Jane Adams! Who is "he"?

William—Who wrote "Burke's Speech on conciliation?"

Miss W.—Contrast Whittier and Longfellow.
Karl—Whittier never got married and Longfellow did.
Miss W.—O Karl! ! ! ! That wasn't important. I think you're a hopeless case.

Mr. L.—Vern, please read that and explain in heavy type.

Lola—You don't belong to the I. D. K., do you?
Freshie: What's that, the Idle Dick? No, I'm idle enough.

Mildred—(In English IV) His mother was a, "Let Me See."

Karl—You'uns just said he didn't.
Miss W.—What?
Karl—(Somewhat louder) You'uns just said he didn't.
Miss W.—Who?
Karl—Someone.
Miss W.—That's better. You surely didn't say you'uns.
Karl—I sure did.

Lola: I can't remember anything I never read.
Miss W.—No Lola, we don't expect you to do that.

"FAITHFUL TO THE LAST"

Editor-in-Chief.....C. C. Gray
Literary Editor.....Clarence F. Keel
Social Editor.....Lola A. Emery
Art Editor.....Karl L. Peterson
Athletic Editor.....Vern L. Shinneman
Joke Editor.....M. Mildred Saylor
Business Manager.....William H. Gray
Assistant Business Manager.....K. Fleet Summers

TO MY SUCCESSOR

Here is a toast I want to drink to a fellow I'll never know:
To the fellow who is going to take my place when it is time for me to go.
I've wondered what kind of achap he'll be and I've wished I could take his hand,
Just to whisper, "I wish you well old man," in a way he'll understand.
I'd like to give him the cheering word that I've longed at times to hear,
I'd like to give him the warm hand-clasp when never a friend seems near.
I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work, and I wish I could pass it on
To the fellow who'll come to take my place the day when I am gone."

THE EDITOR.

Blacksmithing Woodwork

R. W. BERKLEY

Horseshoeing

Boosting for N. T. H. S
a Specialty

W. F. GRAY

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